



WHEN OVER THE LONELY HILLS.

BY A. A. MULLER, D. D.

When o'er the lonely hills at eve,
The last faint rays of sunlight fade,
With thoughtful steps the world I leave,
To dwell in twilight's shade.

And there, oh God! in deep devotion,
The spirit from its prison free,
Sighs o'er the trembling chord's emotion,
And breathes its hymn of love to thee.

Sure to this holy hour is given
The harmony that music brings;
When, from her own enraptured heaven,
O'er this dark world some angel sings:

Oh may the soul's desire, revealing
In plaintive sadness all its woes,
Bring back once more that glow of feeling,
Which gives the wounded heart repose.

From Schiller's "Pilgrim."

THE MORN OF LIFE.

Life's first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freshly I renounced them all;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a spirit seemed to say,
"Waile forth—the path is broken—
Yonder, eastward, lies the way."

Rise not till a golden portal
Thou hast gain'd; then enter in,
And thou shalt prize'd as mortal,
There immortal life shall win.

Virtue.

Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aimed
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt,
The marble hero stands, built on such basis,
While they recoil and wound the shooter's face.

Bainbridge.

BISHOP GEORGE,
AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary,
Was gently urging his tired beast, just as
the sun was drooping behind the range
of hills that bounded the horizon of the
rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity
of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry
August evening that he had journeyed a
distance of thirty-five miles since morning,
his pulse throbbing under the influence
of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had
been hospitably entertained by one
who had recognized the veteran of the
cross, and who had ministered to him for
his Master's sake of the benefits which
himself had received from the hand that
feedeth young lions when they lack; and
he had travelled on refreshed in spirit.
But many a weary mile had he journeyed
over since then, and now as the evening
shades darkened around, he felt the burden
of age and toil heavy upon him, and
he desired the pleasant retreat he had
pictured to himself when the days of
pilgrimage should have been accomplished.

It was not long before the old man
checked his tired animal at the door of
the anxiously looked for haven of rest.
A middle-aged woman was at hand, to
whom he mildly applied for accommodation
for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she, coldly, after
scrutinizing for some time the appearance
of the traveller—which was not the most
promising, "that we can take you, old
man. You seem tired, and I'll see if the
minister of the circuit, who is here to-
night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made
his appearance, and consequently swag-
gering up to the old man, examined him
for some minutes inquisitively, then asked
a few impertinent questions—and finally,
after adjusting his hair half a dozen
times, feeling his smooth shaved chin,
commented that the stranger should share
his bed for the night, and turning upon
his heel entered the house.

The traveller aged and weary as he
was, dismounted and led his faithful animal
to the stable, where with his own
hands he rubbed him down, watered him
and gave him his food, and then entered
the inhospitable mansion where he expected
so much kindness. A Methodist
resided in the house, and as the circuit
preacher was to be there, great preparations
were made to entertain him, and a
number of the Methodist young ladies of
the neighborhood had been invited, so
that quite a party met the eye of the
stranger, as he entered—no one taking
the slightest notice of him, and he wearily
sought a vacant chair in the corner,
out of direct observation, but where he
could note all that was going on; and
his anxious eye showed that he was no
careless observer of what was transpiring
around him.

The young minister played his part
with all the frivolity and foolishness of a
city beau, and nothing like religion es-
caped his lips.—Now he was chattering
and bandying senseless compliments with
a young lady, and now engaged with an-
other in trifling repartee, who was anxious
to appear interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during
which no refreshments were prepared for
him, asked to be shown to his room, to
which he retired unnoticed—grieved and

shocked at the conduct of the family and
the minister. Taking from his saddle
bags a well worn bible, he seated himself
in the chair, and was soon buried in
thoughts holy and elevating, and had food
to eat which those who passed by him in
pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour
after hour passed away, and no one came
to invite the old, worn down traveller to
partake of the luxurious supper which
was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister
came up stairs, and without pause or
prayer, hastily threw off his clothes and
got into the very middle of a small bed
which was the resting place of the old
man as well as himself. After a while
the aged stranger rose up, and after par-
tially disrobing himself, knelt down and
remained for many minutes in fervent
prayer. The earnest breathing out of his
soul soon arrested the attention of the
young preacher, who began to feel some
few reproofs of conscience for his neglect
of this duty. The old man now rose
from his knees, and, after slowly undress-
ing himself, got into bed, or rather
upon the edge of the bed, for the young
preacher had taken possession of the
centre and would not voluntarily move an
inch. In this uncomfortable position the
stranger lay some time in silence. At
length the young preacher made a re-
mark to which the old man replied in a
style and manner that arrested his at-
tention. On this he moved over an inch
or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old
gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after
so long a journey for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor body is much worn
down by long and constant travelling,
and I feel that the journey of today has
exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a lit-
tle.

"Then you do not belong to Spring-
field?"

"No—I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home
is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"How far have you travelled on your
present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia! (In evident sur-
prise.) The Methodist General Confer-
ence was in session there a short time
since. Had it broken up when you left."

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!—moving still further
over towards the front side of the bed, and
allowing the stranger better accommoda-
tion. Had Bishop George left when you
came out?"

"Yes—he started at the same time I did
—we left in company."

"Indeed!"

Here the circuit preacher relinquished
a full half of the bed, and politely re-
quested the stranger to occupy a larger
space.

"How did the Bishop look—he is get-
ting quite old now and feeble, is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well.
But his labor is a hard one, and he be-
gins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or
two. How glad I shall be to shake
hands with the veteran of the cross! But
you left in company with the good old
man.—How far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the Bishop?"

"Yes; we have been intimate for
years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know that?
But may I be as bold as to inquire your
name."

"George."

"George! George! Not Bishop George?"

"They call me Bishop George," neek-
ly replied the old man.

"Why—why—bless me Bishop George,"
exclaimed the now abashed preacher—
springing from the bed. You have had
no supper! I will immediately call up
the family. Why did you not tell us
who you were?"

"Stop—stop, my friend," said the Bis-
hop gravely, "I want no supper here, and
should not eat any if it were got for me.
If an old man; toil worn and weary,
fainting with travelling through all the
long summer day, was not considered
worthy a meal by this family, who pro-
fess to have set up the altar of God in
their house, Bishop George is surely not.
He is at best but a man, and has no claim
beyond common humanity."

A night of severe mortification the
young man never experienced. The
Bishop kindly admonished him and warn-
ed him of the great necessity there was

of adorning the doctrine of Christ, by fol-
lowing him sincerely and humbly. Gen-
tly but earnestly he endeavored to win him
back from his wanderings of heart, and
directed him to trust more in God and
less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with
him long and fervently, before he left the
chamber, and was glad to see his heart
melted into contrition. Soon after, the
Bishop descended and was met by the
heads of the family with a thousand sin-
cere apologies. He mildly silenced them
and asked to have his horse brought out.
The horse was accordingly soon in readi-
ness, and the Bishop taking up his saddle
bags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, Bishop," urged the distress-
ed matron, "you will not thus leave us?—
Wait a few minutes, breakfast is on the
table!"

"No, sister L.—I cannot breakfast
here. You did not consider a poor toil-
worn traveller worthy of a meal, and Bis-
hop George has no claim but such as hu-
manity urges."

And thus he departed, leaving the fam-
ily in confusion and sorrow. He did not
act thus from resentment, for such an
emotion did not rise in his heart, but he
desired to teach them a lesson such as
they would not easily forget.

Six months after this time the Ohio
Annual Conference met at Cincinnati,
and the young minister was to present
himself for ordination as a deacon—and
Bishop George was to be the presiding
Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of
the conference, our minister's heart sunk
within him as he saw the venerable Bis-
hop take his seat. So great was his grief
and agitation that he was obliged to leave
the room. In the evening as the Bishop
was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev.
Mr. ———— was announced, and he re-
quested him to be shown up. He grasped
the young man by the hand with a cordi-
ality which he did not expect, for he had
made careful inquiries, and found that
since they had met before a great change
had been wrought in him. He was now
as humble as he was before worldly minded.

As a father would have received a
disobedient but repentant child, so did
this good man receive his erring but con-
trite brother. They mingled their tears
together, while the young preacher wept
as a child upon the bosom of his spiri-
tual father. At the session he was ordain-
ed, and he is now one of the most pious
and useful ministers in the Ohio Confer-
ence.

"Will There be Flowers in Heaven?"

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?"
—Mrs. Hemans.

I sat alone in my school room. The
little busy beings who had clustered a-
round me all day, had taken their dinner
baskets upon their arms, and journeyed
off over the hills, in the paths which led
to their several homes.

My desk was strewn over with wither-
ed wild flowers. Some had been given,
me as tokens of love, from infantile hands,
and others were brought in by the botani-
cal class for analysis. In the recita-
tion of that class, I had dwelt for a long
time that night that I was wont, upon
the vegetable world, and the wisdom and
goodness of its Creator.

I spread before them the beautifully
tinted coronal of the field lily, and show-
ed them its thread-like stamens crowned
with golden knobs, and its curious pistil-
les. From another wild flower, I drew
the delicate and nicely notched calyx, and
explained its various uses, and asked if
man with his boasted powers, had ever
planned or executed any thing half so
lovely.

I turned over the pages of the sacred
volume, read a description of the riches
of Solomon, "and yet," I continued, "in
all his glory he was not arrayed like one
of these." If it is out of our power to
form any thing so pretty, as the little flow-
er which we tread under our feet at almost
every step, should we not be meek? should
we not be lowly?

A breathless interest pervaded the lit-
tle group, and their voices were more sub-
dued than usual, when they came to wish
me "good night." After their last steps
had died away, and the house became si-
lent, I opened a book and began to read.
Soon my attention was arrested by a quick
light step, and a little girl of five summers
slid in beside me. Her little pale sweet
face, was turned up towards me, and her
sun-bonnet had fallen back, leaving the
dark rich curls to stray in rich profusion
around her face and neck.

"I thought Francis had gone home,"
said I as I lifted her to a seat beside me.
"Is she not afraid her mother will be an-
xious about her?"

"I thought Miss B.——— would tell me
more about God and the sweet pretty

flowers," said she "and I have come back
to hear!"

She gathered a bunch of *butter cups*,
and I took them and told her again of their
curious structure. I spoke to her of that
most beautiful of God's creation, the moss
rose, and of the sensitive mimosa, and
said that God had placed the magnolia
upon our earth to make it more beautiful
—more like heaven.

She listened most earnestly. I spoke
to her of the stars—how they were worlds
peopled with living beings and perhaps
decked with flowers as bright as our
own.

She caught the idea with enthusiasm—
"Will there be flowers in heaven?" she
asked.

"There will be everything which is
sweet and pleasant there," I replied, "and
if flowers can add anything to the beauty
of the golden courts, we shall surely find
them there."

"Oh!" said she, I hope the angels will
wear wreaths of them; I shall love better
to look at them, and hear them sing."

These were among her last words as I
parted from her that night. The next
day she was not in her usual seat. I in-
quired for her, and they said she was not
well. I never saw her again. A few
days after, her coffin passed my window
covered with a black pall, and followed
by a train of mourners.

I stood by the window until they dis-
appeared in the circuitous road that led
to the village graveyard, and then I turn-
ed with a sigh away and said to myself,
"Yes, Frances, there are flowers in heav-
en for she is there."

Extraordinary Animal.

In a letter from Andubon, dated June
20th, 1842, lat. 49 10, N. 100 miles
above Fort Union, he gives the following
description of an animal which was shot
by one of his party. During a heavy rain
his companions took shelter under a large
tree, whilst he proceeded in search of
birds, &c. "I had proceeded," says he,
"about 400 paces, when to my horror, I
heard not far from me, a very singular
cry, in some measure resembling that of
a human being in distress, but much loud-
er. For a moment I did not know what
to do, having nothing with me but small
shot; however I was determined to pro-
ceed towards the spot from whence the
cry arose, and ascertain if possible what
was the cause, knowing from its continu-
ance and loudness, that my companions
would be attracted thither. I had not ad-
vanced many paces to the left, verging on
the margin of the lake, before I perceived
some animals moving among the trees. I
approached very cautiously and to my
surprise saw two beasts, engaged in play-
ing, or fighting; they appeared to be
of enormous height, when they stood on
their hind legs, which I have ascertained
they continually sit on. I remained
watching them a short time, uncertain
what to do, when to my great joy my
friends came up, being attracted by the
noise, and having some fears for my safe-
ty. Inactive spectators we could not re-
main—so determined therefore to attack
them, and as they then lay exhausted—I
thought if they were not too vicious, I
might procure one alive. Filled with
this intent, we advanced towards them,
and when near they both sprang up and
sat on their hind parts, with their fore
paws upraised, seeming to threaten de-
secent upon us. One of my companions
being somewhat afraid, shot one, and the
other bounded off with the most fearful
leaps. Another such an animal I never
saw—your Buffalo or mountain Elks, are
nothing in comparison, in the scale of
worth. To give you a proper description
will be to liken it somewhat in shape to
a Kangaroo, but varying in many particu-
lars. It sits on its hind legs the same
way, but its shape in its abdominal re-
gions the same; its front legs or arms
are short, but armed with sharp claws,
and they bound or jump with their hind
legs. They have a tail somewhat like
that of a sheep, about ten inches long,
and round the middle of the body, they
have a ring or flesh about 12 inches wide
and 8 inches thick in the middle or centre,
which produces a great quantity of oil.
On their heads they have two horns very
similar to the horns of a deer, but no
more than 18 inches long—the head is al-
so shaped very like that of a deer, and
has the same kind of teeth, but what is
more remarkable than all the rest, their
coat is of the most beautiful I ever be-
held, of a dark brown color. The pro-
portions of the one we killed were very
great, it weighed to the best of our calcu-
lations, upwards of six hundred pounds,
and it measured from the top of the head
to the end of the tail 9 feet and 4 in-
ches, which appears to be their full grown
size. We had no sooner killed this one,
than some Indians, attracted by the report
of the rifle, joined us. Our interpreter
conversed with them—they said that in

these woodlands these animals were in
great abundance.—They called it in their
tongue the (Ka-ko-ka-ki,) or jumper;
they fed on grass, herbs and foliage.
Upon observing us take off the skin the
Indians expressed a desire to have some
of the flesh, which we gave them. We
cooked some of the same, and found it
delicious; it was very white and tender,
tasted very similar to veal, but the ring
on the body was nearly all oil, and the
whole upper part will produce a great
quantity. The Indians took us to their
huts or village which consisted but of six
families; there we saw no less than six
of these animals domesticated, two young
ones, male and female, which I bartered
some beads for, and intend to send down
to the fort by the first opportunity.

I think without doubt in point of use-
fulness and value, I may pride myself of
surpassing most of my comrades, in thus
bringing so great a discovery to light.—
Every information respecting them, I
shall endeavor to attain before leaving
here."

The Nobility of Labor.

If there is, as many believe, evidence of
an approaching improvement in society,
it is to be found in the rank which honest
labor is taking among us. We are fast
getting rid of those pernicious notions,
which owe their existence to feudal times
when the many were slaves to the few,
that it is ignoble to work. In crime, de-
ception and wide-spread ruin, we have
learned the awful results of idleness, and
that wretched pride which is the father of
it. What a different state would we now
be in, if the wholesome maxims inculca-
ted fifty years ago had not been forgotten.
Then it was deemed wise for every young
man to have a trade, by which with his
own arms he could earn an honest
livelihood. Even the wealthy obliged
their children to have a knowledge of some
mechanical art, as a guarantee against the
reverses which might come upon them.
And if the same plan were to be adopted
again great and glorious would be the re-
sult.

The polite professions, as they are
termed, seem to have too many charms
for our young men. There are lawyers
enough in this city to involve the whole
world in legal quarrels; the profession is
absolutely crowded, and not more than
one half can possibly gain a living by the
business; there are physicians enough to
cup and physic old mother earth into
chaos; there are ministers enough to
preach the gospel to half a million of men,
instead of sixty three thousand. The
fact is, law, medicine and theology are
too often the skulking places for lazy,
proud people to hide in. They have a
profession, a genteel one, and that saves
the poorer part of them from being called
pleasers, and gives the rich portion the
pleasing titles of Reverend, Doctor, and
Squire. Now, ministers and doctors are
wanted, we grant and so are lawyers,
(alas, that it is so!) but every one who does
not by his profession make an honest liv-
ing, is not wanted, and should turn his at-
tention to something else. The supply
should be no greater than the demand;
the surplus is an encumbrance on soci-
ety, a leech sucking on the great arteries
of community. For all these pursuits, it
should be borne in mind, produce nothing
which our animal nature demand. They
do not raise a house, nor plant a field,
nor launch a ship, nor weave a yard of
cloth, but on the contrary they live of
these labors. It is the mechanic and
farmer who do these things; they sup-
port no more than are absolutely needed.
All over that number are drones who eat
and drink the fruits of others industry,
without return.

The world is beginning to understand
this better. The law of God is irrevoca-
ble. Thou shalt earn thy bread with the
sweat of thy brow, is the command,
and the command has made obedience
noble, and a blessing accompanies it.—
Every man who labors with his own
hand in some calling that benefits himself
and fellow man, is a nobleman, for he
performs his duty to his maker and his
duty to his race! He who builds up cit-
ies, and brings together remote nations,
and gathers in the rich treasures of the
soul, by his labour, is greater than all the
princes and titled schemers who have
robbed and oppressed him. In the learn-
ed laborer alone can we look for the nobi-
lity.—*Cin. Message.*

Evening.

I think there are two periods in the life
of man in which the evening hour is pec-
uliarly interesting—in youth and in old
age. In youth, you love it for its mellow
moonlight, its million of stars, its rich and
soothing shades, its still serenity; amid
these we can commune with our loves, or
twine the wreaths of friendship, while
there is none to bear us witness but the
heavens and the spirits that hold their end-
less Sabbaths there—or look into the

deep bosom of creation, spread abroad
like a canopy above us, and listen till we
can almost see and hear the waving wings
and melting songs of other beings in other
worlds: to youth the evening is delight-
ful; it accords with the flow of his light
spirits, the flow of his fancy, and the soft-
ness of his heart. Evening is also the de-
light of virtuous age, it affords hours of un-
disturbed contemplation; it seems as an
emblem of the calm and tranquil close of
busy life; serene, placid, and mild, with
the impress of the great Creator stamped
upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over
the grave, and seems to promise that all
shall be peace beyond it.—*Franklin.*

Snarling.

For a man to enjoy himself, he must
take the world as it is, unmixed with
a thousand shades and a thousand
spots of sunshine, a cloud here and
there—a bright sky—a storm to-day, and
a calm to-morrow—the chill piercing
winds of autumn, and the bland, reviving
breath of summer. He should realize too,
that he is surrounded by individuals of
different dispositions and characters, and
take the mass as they are, and not as he
fancies they ought to be. He should look
up to Heaven in gratitude for what he en-
joys, and not censure God for what he
has not granted. Then he will cease
retting and snarling, and not before. If
there is one character on this earth who
deserves the appellation of the fool more
than another, it must be that person who
continually frets and snarles, and never
sees a moment's peace, while surrounded
with every thing to please an instruct
him.

"He who has a Trade has an Estate."

Says Franklin, and never was a more
true or more useful maxim uttered even
by that great man. Many were the rules
of conduct laid down by him and practis-
ed, too, through his long life, which, if
followed by men in all time and ages,
would greatly improve the condition and
circumstances of the multitude. The
above saying is easily to be understood by
all, and applicable to all professions and
pursuits. A great day will it be for our
country when youth shall be induced or
compelled to adopt some calling, whether
mercantile, or what is called, a liberal
profession, or what is really mechanical.—
And a greater day will it be when more
of them shall choose the latter—to become
respectable mechanics rather than second
rate lawyers, or doctors, or divines.

The above remarks were suggested by
a little anecdote we heard related lately.
A young man born heir to a large estate,
was at the age of fifteen, regularly appren-
ticed to a respectable and scientific me-
chanic, for the purpose of learning what is
sometimes sneeringly called a trade.—
There was no necessity for such a step,
but the father chose so to dispose of the
education of his son, often repeating to
him, "He who has a trade has an estate."
—The young man became a master of his
trade, and had the supreme happiness
(and earth can afford none more perfect)
of supporting his aged father by his skill
and industry; for the fortune to which
he had been born heir to was by misfor-
tunes, all lost. Moreover, while perform-
ing this sacred duty, his talents, industry,
and integrity finally won for him both
fame and fortune.

Luxury is traveling apace in this repub-
lic. What gorgeous spectacles are pre-
sented of a fine day, by some of the
Broadway shops! It is absolutely daz-
zling to go by some of them. There is a
splendid looking glass store, and one or
two for cut glass, and for jewelry, that are
equal to the first in Paris or London.
We went in for a moment to the Exhibi-
tion Hall of the American Museum, the
other afternoon, and beheld some of the
most beautiful and costly glass ware,
lamps, and so on, that probably were ever
manufactured. Carpets, too, and rich ap-
parel, fit for the use of an Emperor, are to
be seen, any hour of the day, in the prin-
cipal streets of our metropolis. Alas! we
like it not! The stern simplicity and the
plain and wholesome method of a by-gone
age become our happiness and our true in-
terest better than this advance in splendor
and effluence. Rome was simple—and
defied the world. She grew luxurious—
and fell.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The white of an egg is said to be spe-
cific for fish bones sticking in the throat.
It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry
down a bone very easily and certainly.
There is another fact touching eggs which
it will do well to remember. When, as
sometimes by accident, corrosive subli-
mate is swallowed, the white of one or
two eggs, taken immediately, will neutral-
ize the poison, and change the effect to
that of a dose of calomel.

Why is a mushroom like a dandy?—
Because it is rapid in its growth, slim in
its trunk, and thick in its head.